

The Saturday News

VOL. VI, No. 23

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, Saturday, May 27, 1911

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

The municipal situation grows steadily worse. Whatever one may think of the case, which the majority party in the council has against Messrs. Bouillon and Butchart, no reasonable excuse can be found for the latest development, the appointment of two other commissioners, Messrs. S. W. Candy and A. G. Aga being the selections. It has the effect of defeating the object of the city charter's most distinctive feature. The board of commissioners is reduced to a position of complete impotence.

Justice Stuart's decision showed quite clearly the method by which it was possible for the council to assert its authority over the executive branch. But before it completed its investigation along the lines laid down for it in the charter, with no evidence presented which would convince the citizens that there was need for a change, it proceeds to try to gain its end by a roundabout and expensive method which can only produce greater chaos.

It is high time that something was done to clear the air and to bring about settled conditions at the city hall. Whether we are to have the old system or direct responsibility for the whole of the city's business in the hands of the council or the division of authority between the council and the commissioners, as provided for by the charter, we should come to some decision without delay. The present state of affairs is making Edmonton the laughing-stock of the outside world and damaging our credit to a very serious extent. Just what it amounts to we shall appreciate when we come to dispose of our bonds next.

The only method by which a satisfactory conclusion can be reached is an appeal to the ratepayers. These investigation proceedings before the council are only of value in so far as they inform the citizens as to the causes of complaint which the majority of the aldermen had against the commissioners. It is quite clear at the present stage that these amount to little. The fact that to gain their ends the dominant element in the council found it necessary to resort to the swamping process is the clearest evidence of the weakness of their position.

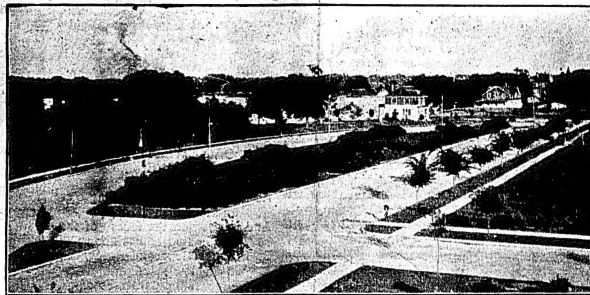
But with such a clear-cut division, and with bitter feelings so aroused, there is no hope of any unprejudiced decision being arrived at and a solution cannot be reached till popular opinion is tested. One or both of the minority aldermen should, just as soon as the so-called investigation is completed, resign and ask for endorsement at the hands of the people.

The issue would be clearly defined. It would be simply a question as to whether our much vaunted commissionership system was a real thing or a mockery. Readers of The Saturday News are already aware of its position. It believes that Messrs. Hyndman and McKinley have pursued the only proper course. Whatever the defects of Mr. Bouillon, and they are very real, he has shown that he can be of great service to the city. The majority of the council have on several occasions within past weeks admitted how much they need a man in an executive capacity. His report on the C.P.R. entrance problem shows what he could have saved the city had he been in his present position a year and a half ago. The deference which they paid to his views on the gas proposition, well grounded or otherwise as these may be, could not fail to impress the public; possibly time may show that a better man can be secured, but it is one with his experience and training that is required, not one of the type to which we have been accustomed in the past.

If this appeal were made to the people and the result was in favor of the minority, particularly if the vote were a decisive one, it would practically end the matter. If the other members of the council in the face of such an expression of want of confidence retained office, which one would think extremely unlikely, they would not dare to proceed in the face of popular sentiment. On the other hand, if their course met with approval, there would be nothing to do but let the old village system become reestablished and wait for the future to show its folly the more clearly.

This is the only way in which the Gordian knot can be cut. So let us have an end as soon as possible of all these squabbles, and these judicial and

A SMALL CITY PARK



An example referred to by Mr. E. H. Niles, a prominent American landscape architect, in an article in another part of this issue of The Saturday News. It shows how the value of a subdivision can be enhanced by the establishment on the part of its owners of small breathing-spaces in the midst of it, while the general plan of civic improvement is served. Several excellent illustrations of this are to be found in the newer residential parts of Winnipeg.

semi-judicial proceedings. Nothing more is to be gained by them. It all has to come back to the opinion of the ratepayers, so let them have the chance to register this.

The heartiness with which Victoria Day was celebrated left nothing to be desired. The holiday became so firmly established in the affections of the Canadian people during the life of the good Queen that there is no indication that the decade which has passed since her death has served in any way to weaken its hold. It has always meant a great deal more to us than Dominion Day. Why? It has been said that it is because it comes at a pleasant time in the year. But three days after the First of July our neighbors have the most uproarious celebration of a national holiday that the world knows

The fact that it may be a hundred in the shade make absolutely no difference. Is it then that our imperial sentiment is stronger than our national? It must be so? And yet the one is surely as desirable as the other. Doubtless the fact that in the one case we honor a person while in the other it is an act of parliament may afford some explanation of the contrast. After forty-four years of existence as a Dominion, however, years the record of which it should be no small cause for pride to recall, the anniversary of the country's birthday should mean more to us than it does. If a more determined effort were made to stimulate interest in its proper observance good should result. It should be more than the occasion for picnic parties or a double-header at the baseball grounds.

The citizens of Fort Saskatchewan are to be con

gratulated on the continued success of their Victoria Day celebration. It has become so firmly established as an institution that the people of this part of the province each year, as a matter of course, associate the formal observance of the holiday with the charmingly situated and enterprising little town down the river. This year a most enjoyable day's entertainment was provided as in other years and the crowd that flocked to the Fort broke all records, despite the fact that the weather was hardly of the nature that we expect on the 24th.

It is proposed that a civic reception should be given to Mr. Borden, when he visits Edmonton at the end of June. There is no doubt, with the precedent set last summer in the case of Sir Wilfrid, this is coming to the Opposition leader. He is a man well worthy of honor on his own account while the position he occupies is the second most important in the public life of the Dominion. But the practice is a bad one and should never have been started. Sir Wilfrid came west purely on a party mission, as the leader of the Liberals not as premier of Canada, and Mr. Borden does the same and it would be wise from every standpoint to leave the reception arrangements wholly in the hands of the parties concerned. There is no justification for spending the city's money for such purposes and there is no telling where it will end. By all means extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Borden, but having done that, let us consider the parties squared off and let them look after their own leaders in the future.

That a Dominion general election is to be held in the autumn is now generally taken for granted. This is the explanation of Sir Wilfrid's hesitation about going over to the Coronation conference. He realizes to what an extent the future of the party is dependent upon him. Mr. Fielding, the one really strong man among his lieutenants, is, according to private advice from Ottawa, in a very much poorer physical condition than has been publicly admitted.

As for the premier himself, his health is not the subject of discussion that it was ten years ago. He is apparently fit for many years of service yet. He has already outlived several so-called masters of his administration and the question of a successor to him is by no means a pressing one. Not only may he finish his work as premier, but he may live to go into honorable retirement following a defeat at the polls.

It does not look as if this would happen after the impending test. Things were shaping that way before the reciprocity issue cropped up, but that has been so horribly bungled by the opposition that he stands every chance of going back with an increased majority. The only move that can prevent this is for Mr. Borden to come out for an increased British preference, and the time for this is at the opening of his western tour. If he does so, his party has an excellent chance. If he does not, all the preparations for the contest which the Conservatives are now making will do little good and certainly the leader's western tour will be more of a frost than was his last one.

It is evident that Mr. Borden is to be strengthened by additions to the ranks of his lieutenants from the talent in the various provincial arenas. Mr. Rogers, Mr. McBride and one man from the Ontario cabinet, probably Mr. Hanna, may now be regarded as practically certain to enter Dominion politics that they will all help no one can doubt.

The latest report is that Mr. Bennett will be drafted from Alberta and that Mr. McCarthy will take his place in the provincial legislature. This would unquestionably be a good move from a party standpoint. Mr. Bennett, in the larger field at Ottawa, would speedily make a great reputation for himself. In sheer ability he has not an equal in the present Conservative ranks in the Commons. His great defect has been lack of balance. If ever a man was carried away by the exuberance of his own verbosity it was Mr. Bennett, as he was a few years ago. But he has himself much better in hand than formerly, and no one who heard the speech which he gave on the Sifton A. & G. W. policy in the Alberta legislature last fall can doubt what a figure he would make with a big issue to the front in the House of Commons. Other reports have it that he has an invitation to enter imperial politics and is liable to accept. This would be a great misfortune. He is needed badly in the Dominion and here it is that the future must hold the most for him.

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All the olden golden glams?
Where are pedlar folk that cry
As they barter Stuff o' Dreams?

Spinner, can you wind a thread
Of the morning's gray and red?
Will your wheel hum round and whirr
With the misty gossamer
That drifts on the laughing breeze
Sent us from the seven seas?

Weaver, can you heavy loom
Weave a fabric of perfume,
Mingle warp and woof with all
Of the visions we recall,
Fresh and fair and filmy fine
In a magical design?

Merchant, have you stuffs to sell
Like the chiming of a bell,
Woven opalescent mist,
Tangled gold and amethyst,
Coloring that swirls and sways—
Dawns and dusks of Yesterdays?

Empty handed from the quest
North and South and East and West—
Empty handed we return,
Grieving that we may not learn
Where in all the world to buy
Stuff o' Dreams. And now we sigh.

Ho, the Stuff o' Dreams we had
Made the whole world sweet and glad,
Shuttled sunlights through the rain,
Coaxed brave pageants up the lane,
Brought the fairies to the wood
And made all things wondrous good.

Where is all the Stuff o' Dreams?
Much we had but yesterday.
Only children now, it seems,
Toss the fabric in their play!

—Chicago Evening Post.

So they are talking of stopping
The church bells ringing in, where
was it I read it, South Africa
or Australia! Well, well! What will
they declare a nuisance next?

First it's children who must be
stopped, from shouting at play,
now it's church bells, next it will
be the stars from twinkling, the
flowers from flaunting such very
extravagant colors, then the winds
from sighing, all because some
wretched persons declare that
they are affected with nerves, and
that they don't intend "to put up
with things."

Strange how many thousand
ears some people seem to be re-
moved from childhood! Wonder-
ful how crabbed and unsympa-
thetic and lacking in imagination
and association, a man or woman
who lives a selfish life, can be-
come!

"Church bells to be silenced!
Church bells! Such bells as all
our life have rung for you
with a meaning that no other bells
could ever imitate." "Put your clothes
on, little girl. It's almost time
for church."

"Ding, dong, dong! Ding,
ding, ding!" On your way, clutch-
ing your dear grandfather's hand,
they peal out a new message.

"It's a beautiful morning, little
girl. Look up and see the sun.
See the cool shade the big trees
make! What heavenly flowers,
Heavenly! You are going to
church to hear more about Heav-
en."

What a beautiful, be-au-ti-ful
world!

As you enter, the bells get laz-
ier, and now ring "Ding, dong,
ding-dong." The preacher's head
is bowed on his hand as the long-
drawn-out strokes reverber-
ate.

In later days the same dear

bells have become modernized.
Now they play tunes. "Fight the
good fight with all thy might,"
they peal forth. Yes, but back
of the air it is the same old re-
frain, "Time to be dressing,
child."

Thus they will always ring for
those who look back and have
loved them. When you have
grown too big to be "made" go
to church, whether you will or
no, you still have a kindly feeling
for the bells who, so to speak,
at least gave you a good start.
You like to hear them ring out of
a Sabbath morning, and now,
maybe, it is your child who an-
swers their unmans, but please
be, they will never be prevented
from sounding their message.

Church bells to be silenced!
Ah no, we are too old-fashioned
for that.

By Arun.

Do you remember how we wan-
dered, you and I,
Making the silence of the woods
our own,

Nor cared though summer tarried
or heard the high winds
moan
Far from the beeches' sunlight
and our joy?

Do you remember—nay can any-
thing destroy
For you or me that blissful mem-
ory?

Would we might sit together
As those golden days,
Sole in the valley musing noon's
long dream

We sat in talk together by Arun's
pensive stream,
Or silent watched across the em-
bers pale

The flushed moon swim above
the sleeping vale,
Till dawn sighed gently through
the clinging haze.

It may not be—yet on this long
toil's distant way
The same peace journeying makes
it good to know

That this fair eve sees there the
same white mist-wreaths
grow

From down to down until another
day
Smiles on the pleasant land where
once you dwelled with me

By Arun gliding silent to the sea.
—H. Charlewood.

"Love," they say, "is blind,
which explains many things."
Yes but that doesn't imply that
all lovers have totally lost their
vision, or that the City Fathers
should be permitted to dump all
the old refuse and ashes they like
on the prettiest "lovers' lane" in
Edmonton, on the strength of the
supposition that those who pass
down its tree-embowered avenue
prefer to walk in ashes and reduce
their garments to sack-cloth.

You know, of course, that I
refer to that only too small and
cut-up driveway that winds along
the top of the golf-links bank,
between 16th and 21st streets.
Perhaps I should say a trail, not
a driveway. And yet it has al-
ways been known as "Lovers' Lane."
And now is love reduced to
penitential garb. Ashes, in-
stead of a fresh green sward, and
this on the "show" driveway of
the Capital City of Alberta.

Do you remember the haunt-
ing old song called "Lovers' Lane,"
that runs:

"In fancy oft I am roaming
Down dear old Lovers' Lane;
How often in the gloaming
I see her face again.
A rose, a glove to remind me,
They are all that now remain
Of the happy days behind me
When we met in Lovers' Lane."

Well, all that now remains to
remind some of us older lovers
who had a weakness for this most

lovely spot, of the Lane as we
once knew it, are the trees over-
head.

I suppose the Council will have
some explanation to make about
strengthening the bank, or ex-
tending it, or some such matter-
of-fact excuse, but what, I ask
you, are lovers going to do in the
meantime? And what are our
visitors thinking of our strange
ways and customs when we drive
them down the lane and say "This
spot we devote to lovers and
sight-seers."

Some poet sings, "Love is a
bird." Well, lovers would need
wings under existing conditions.

Couldn't some disengaged ald-
erman take a walk in the direc-
tion I have indicated, and make
a name for himself as Cupid's
advocate?

Peggy

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE

As one who cons at evening o'er
an album, all alone,
And muses on the faces of the
friend that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of Fancy, till,
in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of an
old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer
with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low, to rest me of the
dazzle in my eyes,
And I light my pipe in silence,
save a smile that seems to
yoke

Its fate with my tobacco and to
vanish with the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection—for
the loving thoughts that
start
Into being are like perfume from
the blossoms of the heart;
And to dream the old dreams
over is a luxury divine—
When my truant fancies wander
with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear beneath my study,
like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children and the
mother as she sings—
I feel no twinge of conscience to
deny me any theme
When Care has cast her anchor in
the harbor of a dream—

In fact, to speak in earnest, I be-
lieve it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a
little dust of harm—
For I find an extra flavor in Mem-
ory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper
to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily-beauty, with a form
of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco as the
"Genil" from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances
of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as
tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and
the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her,
and she answered the caress,
With the written declaration that
"As surely as the vine
Grew 'round the stump," she loved
me—that old sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of
her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together of the
future we had planned;
When I would be a poet, and with
nothing else to do
But write the tender verses that
she set the music to—

When we should live together, in
a cosy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy
garden spot,
Where the vine was ever fruited,
and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing
for that old sweetheart of mine.

When I should be her lover for-
ever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart
till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that
when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in Heaven
till the other's kiss had come.

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But, ah! my dream is broken by a
step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened,
and—my wife is standing
there;
Yet with eagerness and rapture all
my visions I resign
To greet the living presence of
that old sweetheart of mine.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

ROYAL CORONATION EN- GAGEMENTS

June 17-19—Arrival and re-
ception of the foreign and over-
sea representatives.

June 20—State banquet, Buck-
ingham Palace.

June 21—Duke of Connaught's
dinner at St. James' Palace.

June 22—Coronation.

June 23—Their Majesties' pro-
cession through South London.

June 24—Naval Review, Spit-
head.

June 26—Gala performance,
Covent Garden.

June 27—Garden Party, Buck-
ingham Palace; Gala performance
at His Majesty's Theatre.

June 28—King visits Royal A-
gricultural Show, Norwich.

June 29—Royal drive through
North London. King and Queen
attend special service at St. Paul's
Cathedral and afterwards a lunch-
eon at the Guildhall.

June 30—Children's fete, Crys-
ta Palace. Premier and Mrs. As-
quith entertain King and Queen at
dinner.

July 1—Court leaves town for
Windsor.

July 8—Their Majesties arrive
at Kingston on their way to Dub-
lin.

July 10—Review, Phoenix
Park. Their Majesties hold a
Court at Dublin Castle.

July 11—The King attends
Leopardstown Races, Levee at the
Castle.

July 12—Royal party leave
Ireland for Wales.

July 13—Investiture of Prince
of Wales by the King at Carnar-
von Castle.

July 14—King opens the new
University College buildings at
Bangor.

July 15—King lays the founda-
tion stone of the Welsh Nation-
al Library at Aberystwyth.

July 17—Their Majesties ar-
rive at Edinburgh to stay until
July 21.

AN UNFORTUNATE LEGACY

Much amusement has been
caused in Berlin, particularly a-
mong members of the Reichstag,
by the history of a legacy left to
a Socialist member by an admiring
fellow-Socialist at Frankfurt. This
man, a humble tailor, left all his
worldly belongings to the politi-
cian as a mark of his respect and
esteem for the principles of So-
cialism. The total value of the
estate was proved at about \$350,
which was duly handed over to
the legatee. Then his troubles
began. The widow, who had
been separated from her husband
for many years, claimed half the
estate, and though her legal rights
were nil, the Socialist, true to his
principles, gave her the \$175
which she asked. Shortly after-
wards the municipal authorities
came forward and claimed \$100
in respect that the tailor had re-
ceived poor relief for some time
past, and this amount was also
handed over. Even then, how-
ever, the troubles of the legatee
were not yet ended. One day
there arrived at his house a large
case, for which he had to pay
\$72. Refusal to accept the case
was impossible, as it was explain-
ed that it contained an urn in
which were the ashes of the dead
tailor, who, in accordance with
his expressed desire, had been cre-
mated, with the result that his
estate was liable for the crema-
torium fees, and the legatee was
properly the owner of the ashes.
The Socialist member thus found
his legacy reduced to \$3, and as
there is still some stamp duty to
be paid he will probably find him-
self out of pocket before the mat-
ter is ended, while there appears
always to be a risk of fresh claims
being put in.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

The Saturday News

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The Hansard of the House of Commons is pretty dry sort of reading as a general thing. Occasionally it is livened up with a good story. Old Sir John left many on its pages. The other day one of the few politicians now surviving who were really intimate with the great leader, Mr. George E. Taylor, recalled one. "The late lamented Sir John Macdonald," said Mr. Taylor, "told me and a number of others at one time that no matter how busy he was with the affairs of state he always spent a part of every day talking with his little invalid daughter. He said that one day he was talking with her and she asked: 'Papa, why do they call you a minister; you do not preach and you do not pray very much?'"

"Sir John said: 'My dear, there are two kinds of minister; there are ministers of the Gospel and ministers of State.'"

"She said: 'What is the difference between a minister of State and a minister of the Gospel?'" He answered: 'My dear, it is the duty of a minister of the Gospel to preach and pray and to tell people how to live so that when they die they will go to Heaven.'"

"His daughter said: 'Then I suppose it is the duty of the minister of State to teach them how to go to the other place.'"

"I think," said Mr. Taylor, "that the ministers who are occupying these positions today are doing it to a very large extent."

One doesn't associate a sense of humor with that dour Scot who was Sir John's adversary, Alexander Mackenzie, but here is a story which that prince of good fellows, T. C. Cronin of Toronto, manager of Bradstreet's, says was told him by the former Liberal premier. When Dr. Thomas Chalmers, the great Scottish divine, was a student in Edinburgh, a number of the boys in his boarding house went out one Halloween and stole a lot of signs. They took them home and put them in the cellar. Next morning they looked out and saw that the police were on their trail—they were coming in the gate. So the boys quickly decided to have family prayer. The plan was to hold the officers in this manner until two of the lads could burn the signs in the furnace. When the men of the law entered they were told to be still until prayers were over. Chalmers prayed at great length, until a signal came that the signs were invisible. Then he concluded with the quotation: "A wicked and perverse generation seeketh after a sign, but no sign shall be given them."

A certain man's young daughter, aged nine, remarked at the table the other-day: "Father, if you did not chew tobacco you would live longer."

To which the father replied:

EMPLOYMENT BUREAUS
MRS. MOSHEK'S
Employment Bureau.
For Girls and Women.
Mabel E. Mosher. Phone 4337.
617 Mayday Avenue, Edmonton, Alta.

BAKERS, ETC.
CHARLES BROWN
Baker and Confectioner
"Ma Ma's Bread"
Phone 2170. Norwood Boulevard.

"Daughter, your grandfather chewed tobacco all his life and he lived to be 79. Your brother never chewed or smoked and he only lived to be seven years of age."

Smith—I want to see Jones for damages for being run down by his automobile, but I'm afraid he has no money."

Lawyer—Oh, that's all right. I can use his car.

"He calls himself a human dynamo."
"No wonder; everything he has on is charged."

Ethel—How do you like my new dress?
Jack—It reminds me of a popular theatre.
Ethel—What do you mean?
Jack—Standing room only.

Pa—I greatly disapprove of that young Smithson, and one particular reason is his lack of industry in his calling.

Daughter—His calling? Why, he calls seven evenings in the week!

There's "fine sense" and "coarse sense."

Each good in its way;
But the man who has "horse sense"

Knows when to say "neigh."
—Catholic Standard and Times

Harry Lauder, who, it is said, really cares no more for a dime than his right eye, was walking up Broadway one afternoon during his recent trip to New York, according to a metropolitan paper. With him was a young lady, a friend of the family.

As Lauder and his companion came opposite a florist who had a particularly fine display of flowers outside his store, where the fragrance reached everyone, the young woman instinctively stopped and, looking longingly at the display, said:

"My, but don't they smell sweet?"

"That they do," said Lauder, "let's stand here a while and smell them."

Shortly after the return from their honeymoon, a young couple of Cleveland undertook house-keeping, the bride being especially desirous to put into practice the lessons she had taken in cooking.

Returning home one evening, the husband found his wife in tears. Between sobs he managed to learn from her that something terrible had happened.

"Dearie," she gulped, "it does seem too awful that the very first meat pie I should bake for you should be eaten by the cat."

"That's all right, my love," said the husband, patting her on the shoulder, "I'll get you another cat right away."

It was the celebration of Willie's fifth birthday, and he and his little guests sat round the festive table eager to begin the feast, when the host's sister, a comely spinster, marched in bearing aloft a frosted cake, out of which flared up five colored candles.

Murmurs of admiration and awe followed from all sides of the table, and as sister placed the cake squarely on the cloth and drew back, Willie turned his blinking eyes from the five brilliant candles and said, enthusiastically, "Sister, if this was your birthday, the whole room 'd be ablaze, wouldn't it?"

Two neighbors, who had been friends for years had a fist fight on the front porch and it all happened because one of them didn't say what he meant.

"It's my custom," casually observed one, "to kiss my wife whenever I leave home, if only to be gone an hour. I always kiss my wife good-bye."

"So do I," said the other. Whereupon the fight began, and the man who meant that he kissed his own wife, not the neighbor's, was well trounced.

Man wears clothes as a defence; woman for the purpose of attack.
A girl must be very, very intellectual if she can't tell you what another girl had on.
Man proposes; woman makes him stick to it.
A man who can joke with his

wife about her dressmaker's bill must have a keen sense of humor.
The law has no penalty for stealing a heart. The punishment of having it left on your hands is enough.

A beautiful woman is the paradise of the eyes, the hell of the soul, and the purgatory of the purse.

Listening, with most of us, is waiting till the other person is finished.

"All the world loves a lover," especially the jeweller, the florist, and the confectioner.—"Woman, Wedlock, and the World," by "Cell."

"I can tell you," said he, "how much water runs over Niagara Falls to the quart."
"How much," asked she, "two pints?"

Have you had any experience in the china trade?" asked the merchant.

"Many years of it, sir," answered the applicant for the situation.

"H'm, what do you do when you break a very valuable piece of china?"

"Well—I generally put it together and place it somewhere for a customer to knock it over. Then charge him for it."

"You'll do, my man. Take off your coat and start right away."

Gov. W. R. Stubbs, of Kansas apropos of a bill he was promoting, said at a recent banquet:

"The opponents of this bill find fault with it. Well, in that, they remind me of Jack Hughes."

The tailor brought Jack a new suit the other day. Jack went upstairs to try it on. Then, ten minutes later, he shouted down to his wife:

"That fool tailor's made a botch out of the vest?"

"How, John?" Mrs. Hughes asked.

"Why," said Jack, "he's put a button too many at the top and a buttonhole too many at the bottom."

A GLIMPSE AT "SCOTLAND YARD."

A quiet, old-fashioned house is hidden away amid the maze of great banks and solid commercial offices in the financial heart of London, off Old Jewry. Few of the thousands of hurrying business men who pass it on their way to and from the city spare a second glance at the old residence which seems to slumber at the bottom of a narrow, paved courtyard—once a rose garden—approached by a heavy gateway. They do not ponder the romances and drama concealed behind the wide windows of the old world residence, which was formerly the peaceful home of some merchant prince, and is now the "Scotland Yard" of the city, the headquarters of the London police.

This quiet-looking establishment is really a hive of ceaseless activity, whose members are awake and active every hour of the twenty-four. The chief superintendent, lives in the Old Jewry headquarters, with a staff of armed men within instant call, ready to start out at any moment of the night for an anarchist hunt, a thieves den or a murderer's lair, should news be brought that any of the many "wanted" on the suspect lists have been located. The head of the city detective force, has his quarters at Clock-lane police station, close by, and although at night the city, with its hoards of millions in bullion and treasure is deserted by the owners and makers of its wealth, the captains of the army of city policemen, in whose safe custody the square mile of riches is left, never sleep away from their duties.

Sir John Nott-Bower, the gray-mustached commissioner of the city police, is the head of 1,000 constables and detectives, chosen for their fine physique, smartness and experience. The typical detective is a well-groomed, gentlemanly fellow, suggesting the prosperous solicitor's managing clerk rather than the broad-shouldered, heavy-footed policeman of popular fancy. He is accustomed to deal with complicated cases of felony and the technique of commercial crime, rather than with the desperate, armed murderer

Since the historic "battle of Houndsditch" some two months ago, when the military was called out to bombard an anarchist's den, in the hope of rounding up the notorious "Pater Painter" and his gang, "Scotland Yard" has been on its trial. Day and night without ceasing, since that sinister occurrence, the hunt for the missing criminal has been continued, and there will be little rest for the city detectives until the last link is fitted in the chain that will connect the guilty with the crime.

The detectives have proved, says a writer in *Louise Express*, that they are a match for men of muscle as well as men of brain. They have kept mysterious midnight vigils in the East end disguised in a fashion that would bring suspicion on them at once if they entered a city bank during business hours. Silk hats, frock coats and gloves have been abandoned, and in the guise of navvies, dock-hands, or booters and caps, mullers, shabby coats and unshaved chins, they have mingled unsuspected in the Stepney and Mile end streets, where anarchists wanted for the information they could supply have met and talked with them unknowingly. But the end is not yet, and "Peter the Painter," is still outside the devious net of "Scotland Yard."

A RHODESIAN HOTEL

Sir Mortimer Durand, describing, in Blackwood, his holiday in South Africa, quotes as follows from a printed paper nailed on the door of each bedroom of his hotel in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

"Special accommodation is provided for pets such as elephants, hippos, crocs, or lions, and dogs, including those of high birth and doubtful parentage, must be kept in the bedrooms, which for this purpose are furnished with a special line in white counterpanes."

"As the ladies of this country are specially trained to enjoy bad language, ribald songs, step dances, and shouting at all times, male visitors are requested to make as much noise as possible as they possibly can."

"Valuables should on no account be locked up, but should be thrown anywhere, or, for preference placed outside the door with the boots. Locks are fixed on the door solely for ornamental purposes. Should anything be missing in spite of this, visitors are asked to remember that the proprietor must get a living somehow."

Sir Mortimer pronounces the hotel as "not much less comfortable, and certainly more picturesque, than a London hotel."

HE'S A CONVERT TO A GROWING BELIEF

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ARE THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASE

Mr. Renie Moulaison was treated by two doctors, but found his relief and cure in six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Surrette Island, Yarmouth N. S. May 22.—(Special).—Renie Moulaison, a fisherman of this place, is a growing convert to the growing belief that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the sure cure for Kidney Disease.

"My trouble started with a cold," Mr. Moulaison states. "My muscles would cramp, I had backache and I had dizzy spells. My head often ached and I had a tired, nervous feeling while specks of light flashed in front of my eyes."

I suffered in this way for over two months and was treated by two doctors, but they didn't seem to be able to do much for me. Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and soon started to improve. I took six boxes in all and now I am glad to say I am cured."

If you have any two or three of Mr. Moulaison's symptoms you may be sure your Kidneys are not in good working order. Bad Kidneys mean Backache, Rheumatism, Heart Disease or Bright's Disease unless attended to. The one sure way to cure them is to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.



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will some day be a cherished possession hence it becomes a duty to choose it wisely and well. It will cost no more to buy it from the old hall and it will be much to her advantage to get it there.

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Home and Society

Mr. Hugo Ross of the Ross Realty Co., Winnipeg, was in the city a couple of days last week, looking after his interests here.

Mrs. Joe Morris and Mrs. Harry Simpson were the hostesses at the Golf tea last Saturday.

Miss Dalton of Deseronto arrived last Saturday to be one of Miss Edith Webster's bridesmaids, and is her guest.

Mrs. Herring Cooper entertained at the tea hour on Monday in honor of Miss Dalton. It was one of those cosy informal teas, the hostess pouring tea and Mrs. Harry Cooper looking after the ices.

The table decorations were very artistic, a large bowl of lovely red roses, resting on a lace centre piece, surrounded with specimen glasses of shaded sweet peas. Some of those present were Miss Dalton, Misses Webster, Mrs. Alan Fraser, Mrs. Harry Cooper, Mrs. Dr. Harrison, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Scarth, Miss Harvie and others.

The Boys Brigade and Boy Scouts gave an entertainment in All Saints Schoolhouse last Friday night. It was a big success, the hall being packed. The boys were splendidly drilled and did their work in a remarkable manner, with the utmost precision and not one slip. The gym exhibition was perfect and I am sure Mr. Moorhouse, their instructor, must be very proud of his boys. The scouts, too, deserve special praise for the way they did their flag drill and ambulance work, seeming to have a thorough knowledge of what was required of them. Archdeacon Grey is too well known with his work amongst the boys to more than ask him to accept our best thanks.

The entertainment was in aid of the camp fund.

Mrs. Muir Frith was again a bridge hostess last Thursday evening, five tables being in play. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Soars, Mr. and Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. O'Neill Hayes, Miss Newlands, Mrs. Burk, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Herbert Hayes, Dr. and Mrs. Harrison and Mr. Percy Hardisty, Mr. Scoble, Mr. Reginald Cautley and Mr. Townsend. The first prizes were won by Mrs. Soars and Mr. Townsend, the consolations by Mrs. Burk and Mrs. Turnbull. Mrs. Frith wore a very smart soft apricot satin with beautiful jewelled trimmings.

Mrs. Walker, Wetaskiwin, was the guest of Mrs. D. Ricker during the Musical Festival.

Mrs. D. Ricker entertained last Wednesday the tea hour for her guest, Mrs. Walker of Wetaskiwin.

Queen Mary will not follow in every respect the precedent set by Queen Alexandria with regard to the details of the royal Consort's

Coronation. The purple ordered for the Queen's robe of state is a very rich violet shade. It is, in fact, the true Imperial purple, while Queen Alexandria's train was a red shade, 'ruby purple'—the technical term for the tint.

Who knows, by the way, how purple came to be considered the regal color par excellence? It was, so the learned say, because the rich purple dye was produced in olden days by the use of a certain small shell-fish found on the coast of Tyre, which was scarce, and therefore costly to obtain in quantity sufficient for the purpose; hence it was a sign of luxury and splendour to own purple Tyrian dyed-ropes, and the color became the sign of imperial dignity in ancient Rome, as it is of the Cardinal's distinction in modern Rome.

Mrs. Ewing will leave at the beginning of June for a trip to Japan, coming home by way of England.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickens entertained at dinner on Saturday night for their guest Mrs. Chas. Fox of Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Morris entertained a motor party at Fort Saskatchewan last week in Mrs. Fox's honor.

Mr. R. Percy Barnes has just returned from McLeod, where he has been arranging for the erection of the new General Hospital.

A meeting of the Edmonton branch of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild was held yesterday morning in the Y.W.C.A., to finish up the business in connection with the Art Loan Exhibit. The President and committee wish to thank all those who so kindly loaned their valuable collections and also all those who assisted in making the Exhibit the success it was. The handsome towels, worked by the Ruthenians of Mundare have been sent to Montreal to be forwarded with the rest of the Canadian Handicrafts gift to Queen Mary. A discussion took place as to the furtherance of the work and it was decided to hold an Exhibition of Canadian Handicrafts at the Provincial Fair in August. Anyone wishing to purchase work done by the Ruthenians can do so by communicating with Miss Cornelia Hughes, secretary.

Mrs. Spratt's many friends will be sorry to hear that she has been confined to the house with laryngitis.

Mrs. Barnes' Military Euchre last Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Bate of Ottawa, was a very jolly one. If one can judge by what the girls say. They had a perfectly scrumptious time and only hope Mrs. Barnes may repeat such a good party at no distant date. Five tables played the game and great and keen was the contest as to which table should win the pretty prize. I think I was told the Union Jacks were the lucky winners, being Miss Eleanor Taylor and Miss Galbraith, sweet cups and saucers, and Mr. Alan Harvie and Mr. Chadwick, handsome bridge scores. The guests were Miss Bate, Miss Harvie, Miss Newlands, Miss Galbraith, Miss Scott, Miss Eleanor Taylor, Miss Baldwin, Miss Tilly and Miss Aloysia McKenny, Messrs. E. L. Ferris, Tom Douglas, Clive Walker, Brendan, Baldwin, Chadwick, Anderson, Townsend and Alan Harvie.

A most delicious supper was served, followed by some delightful music on the Victrola.

The "Bachelors" must indeed be congratulated on quite the very best ball on the season. The music, decorations and floor, I hear, were perfect. Turner's orchestra supplied the music and gave some very beautiful selections of the Musical Festival. The lights were shaded in pink, the centre one being done in green, shedding a pretty glow over the many lovely gowns worn. The

hall was draped with flags and many charming cosy corners were arranged.

Special mention must be made of the delicious supper—served, got up, I was told, by the Home Bakery. The long table on the stage was a most attractive one. The salads looked so inviting on dainty white plates, and resting on a lettuce leaf, with their brown bread and butter sandwiches, a little roll and cheese straws. The ice cream, I heard, was exceptionally good and so on, which the ladies of the Home Bakery also provided, and the justice everybody did to all these goodies.

Some of the many lovely gowns worn were:

Mrs. R. Percy Barnes, black silk embroidered collienne, with amethyst jewels; Mrs. Turnbull, heavy white satin overdress of brown and white striped net, with of embroidery done in brown and white; Mrs. Scott, soft grey silk crepe de chine, handsome passementerie trimmings; Mrs. Ewing, lovely pale blue embroidered satin; Mrs. Jamieson, black satin, heavy jet garnitures; Mrs. Griesbach, exquisite white satin, with tunic of white net embroidered in tiny beads, bandeau of silver in her hair; Mrs. Robinson, (Ireland) black satin with very exquisite old lace trimmings; Mrs. Dr. Harrison, black satin, with a great deal of jet trimmings; Mrs. Dan McNamara, pale blue satin, with beautiful bead garnitures; Mrs. Pardee, pink satin, with tunic embroidered in black; Mrs. Benson, black satin with net overdress with touches of blue; Mrs. Bowers, lovely black lace over black satin; Mrs. Vadeil, cream satin, Persian trimmings; Mrs. Lister, dainty yellow satin gown with lace garnitures; Mrs. Mervin Hay (Strathcona), beautiful amethyst crepe de chine gown heavily embroidered; Mrs. Swaisland, black satin with heavy silk fish net overdress, diamond bandeau in her hair; Mrs. Lane, sweet shell pink satin gown with old lace trimmings; Mrs. Robert May, lovely black satin with jet garnitures; Mrs. Scarth, dainty white silk accordion pleated gown; Mrs. Ghieslin, golden brown chiffon over pale blue satin; Mrs. Wilfred Harrison, pale pink nino de soie over white satin with deep rose pink bands; Miss Bate, sweetly pretty in black net over white satin; Mrs. Haycock, black satin, heavy silk fringe on tunic; Miss Elinor Taylor, white satin with silver and crystal trimmings; Miss Cobbett, lovely pink nino de soie over pink satin, heavy pink silk fringe on bottom of tunic, the bodice trimmed with bands of bead passementerie; Miss Phyllis Barnes, sweet gown of yellow meteor silk, trimmed with gold bugles and bands of embroidery in the brown shades; Miss Marion Ross, pretty pale blue satin; Miss Marjorie Beck, white chiffon over yellow satin; Miss Nora Campbell, lovely old rose satin with bead trimmings; Miss Harbottle, white satin with white silk fish net tunic, with silver fringe around bottom, silver bandeau in her hair; Miss Yvonne Cauchon, handsome yellow satin gown; Miss Cymodoce Cauchon, white satin with pearl garnitures; Miss Aloysia McKenny, dainty white satin gown with gold bead trimmings; Miss Gifford, pretty old rose satin gown; Miss Dorothy Gifford, white satin with handsome crystal trimmings; Miss Porteous, heavy white silk with exquisite lace trimmings.

Mrs. C. R. Mitchell returned from the east last week, much improved in health.

Mrs. T. P. O'Kelly entertained at a huge tea on Tuesday afternoon. The hostess received in the handsome big reception hall wearing an elegant peacock blue chiffon broadcloth gown, heavily braided in black and black satin girdle. The dining room was aglow with softly shaded red lights. The table with its polished surface on which rested an exquisite lace centre piece and on it a big cut glass urn of lovely red and yellow striped tulips surrounded by four tall brass candlesticks with little red shades, a treat to the eye. Here Mrs. Millar of Wetaskiwin presided at the coffee urn. She wore a sweet blue four.

(Continued on page eight.)

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McConkey's Delicious CHOCOLATES

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BITTERSWEETS, 1lb \$1.00, 2 lbs,	\$1.75
HARD CENTRES 1 lb.	\$1.25
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DIPPED CARAMELS, 1-2 lb.	.35
"EXCELLENCE", Assorted, 1 lb.	\$1.25
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THE MOST POPULAR SHADES
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VANCOUVER, B.C., Feb. 1st, 1910.
"I am well acquainted with a man, known to thousands in Vancouver, Victoria and New Westminster, who for nearly a year was practically a cripple from Rheumatism. He was so troubled with the disease that he found it difficult to even turn over in bed. His heart appeared so weak that he could hardly walk up stairs.
Last June, he received a sample of 'Fruit-a-lives'. He used them and dates his recovery from that time. Today, there is no man in Vancouver enjoying better health.
He was building a house this fall and shingled a good part of the roof in a driving rain, without suffering any bad effects."
JOHN B. LACY.
Mr. R. S. Mills, (assistant postmaster at Kewellton, Que.) also writes: "I honestly believe that 'Fruit-a-lives' is the greatest Rheumatism cure in the world." Try it yourself.
Box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers, or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.



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"Suppose," asked the professor in chemistry, "that you were summoned to the side of a patient who had accidentally swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?" The student, who, studying for the ministry, took chemistry because it was obligatory in the course, replied: "I would administer the sacrament."

Landscape Hints From Nature

E. H. Niles

When Mother Nature had undisturbed possession of this old world of ours and planned it as one great park, she formed beautiful effects that man can copy but never equal.

It might be some rugged coast where the massive oak, the very symbol of strength, towers over the bluff with its roots firmly anchored among the boulders. Or some weird gorge where the few grotesque trees seem to warn you of the witches. It might be the gentle rolling meadow sloping to the elder bordered stream, with the flowers waving over the

on the shady hillside where the ferns and wild flowers love to grow, by placing a pile of cobbles on the front lawn with a few geraniums stuck on top. Or to grade a naturally rolling hillside to an even slope or unnatural terraces.

If this basic principle is true that nature's planning is the ideal, you may well ask "Is there then a place for formal gardening because one never finds formal planting in nature?" It is not because Nature cannot arrange her materials in this way, because in the smallest detail of

the clang of the street car; where the air once carried the perfume of the flowers, it is now laden with dust and smoke. The shady nook with the ferns and lilies-of-the-valley not only could not exist but would be out of place in such surroundings.

Instead of this, the straight lines of the street make an excuse for the rows of trees. Some large building of architectural beauty may be built with its Italian garden of geometrical designs, fountains and statuary, its marble seats and steps, its clipped trees and hedges. This is very attractive and is more appropriate in these purely architectural and artificial surroundings than the rolling meadow with its flowers and butterflies would be. But if this elaborate garden were placed in the natural surroundings of the meadow, it would not be as beautiful from a purely artistic point of view.

Follow Nature Where Possible

This, then is the reason Nature never used the formal style of gardening because she never had the artificial features which made it necessary. Therefore we might state it as a principle that the natural style should always be used except where artificial conditions make an excuse for the formal. It is possible to use both on the same grounds appropriately, especially if the grounds are large. This naturally follows as the building itself, the steps, walks, etc., are formal and make an excuse for formal planting while as the grounds extend out to meet the natural surroundings, it should verge into the natural as quickly as possible.

Decline of Formalism

It may be mentioned in passing that the natural, or English style, as it is often called is being used more all the time. In the early history of the art, the formal was used almost entirely, from the gardens of Babylon to the hanging gardens of Rome where this style reached its highest development so that it is still referred to as the Italian style. The French stuck to this largely, the Germans not so much, until in England we find the natural style developed with their open lawns and natural groupings.

It may appear to the casual observer that it would require no skill to do natural planting but it takes less study to place plants according to any geometrical plan than it does to arrange them naturally.

The Country Home

We will now consider the question of adapting these ideas to different purposes. In the country home we find the ideal place for the natural style. The surroundings are natural and there is usual

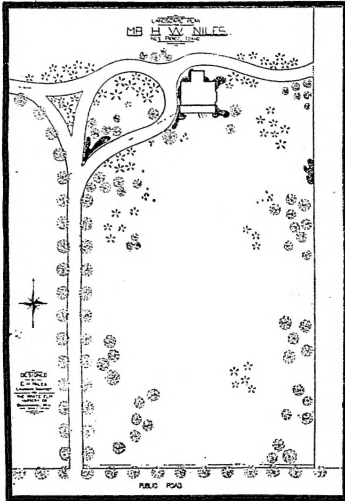


Fig. 1

grass, that "Carpet of the infant and blanket of the dead." It might just be a little nook in the tains with the green of the stately pines against the snow. Or it may be just a little nook in the glen where the soft branches of the hemlock arch over the ferns and violets. With the lily-of-the-valley dotting the moss, and where the trickling of the spring is carried to us by the same light wings as the fragrance of the rose.

Nature's Ideal Planning

Absolute harmony prevails from the colorings of the tiniest flower to the settings of the Niagara. Beautiful combinations are made without that strained and studied effect that will appear in even the best planning man can produce. The red twigged dogwood, the white barked birch, and the yellow twigged willow are all adapted to much the same soil conditions so that they are more likely to be found together in Nature's planning, making the contrasts of color that are so attractive in winter. Some evergreens are also found together in these damp situations and give an additional charm to this combination. And yet the same group is never used twice, so there is no monotony. The edge of a forest that has never been molested is almost always bordered by shrubbery, so that the laws of Nature produce apparently without effort the same results that every landscape gardener strives to accomplish.

Therefore with these truths in mind I am moved to say that a careful study of Nature and obedience to her laws will eliminate the most flagrant mistakes that we mortals make in ornamental planting.

Without this study man is too likely to put the grotesque tree that would be picturesque in the mountain gorge, out on the level lawn. Or where there is only a superficial study, we sometimes find an attempt at imitating the pleasing effect of the rocky ledge

and still maintain that there is no inconsistency in these two statements and for this reason: Civilization has made necessary many artificial features such as the paved street and cement walks. These are necessary evils. The engineers extend the street out across the glen and dump tons of dirt and rocks down on the ferns and lilies in the shady nook. The glen disappears, it is graded to a level, cement walks are laid, large houses of red brick put up. Instead of the trickling of the spring we hear

ly plenty of room. It can be made the most attractive home in all the world. Fig. 1 illustrates the natural style as applied to a home of a western ranchman. This house is situated 300 feet from the road and the lawn slopes naturally from the house down to the road. The mountains can be seen off in the distance and the open lawn affords the best opportunity to break the angles and to make the change from the artificial to the natural less abrupt. There is quite a heavy group of

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trees to the left of the house to screen the barns, windmill, etc. This is easy to take care of as on a lawn of this size it is not necessary to keep the grass short so it can be cut with a mowing machine.

In the City

Fig. 2 represents a city home. The groups of shrubbery around the front as in the other case break the abruptness of the angles and the beauty and fragrance of the flowers can be enjoyed from the porch. The mass of shrubbery on the back makes a background for the lawn. The abrupt projections and deep bays afford an opportunity to show off many combinations of foliage and flowers to the best advantage. The two large trees close together at the lower edge were already on the grounds or they would probably not have been planted in just that position. The details constitute the hardest problem, that is studying out the different combinations in each group and

small park in the main part of a city, and as a rule surrounded by buildings of more or less architectural importance, the formal style of design, bedding, etc., is appropriate, especially where accompanied with architectural features as fountains and statuary, and is generally very attractive. However, even in such cases the natural style is much to be preferred. It is not only superior but is much cheaper to maintain. Sometimes in such cases formal gardens with gorgeous flower displays in connection with conservatories, or other public buildings, are much appreciated and are altogether proper.

There is too much of the artificial in cities and the mind and eye long for the natural. The name of the park formed with bedding plants may attract attention but it does not bring that sense of relaxation and rest to the tired mother children that the shady slope and green trees do.

There should be large open spaces for games, shady groves for picnics, and water for boating. These features can all be worked in very naturally in this style. The open meadow bordered with groups of trees and shrubs forms one of the prettiest landscapes we can have and makes the ideal place for athletic games.

The same principles apply to cemetery planning. The old idea of laying them out on the check-board plan is passing away. The drives should be laid out in conformity with the contour of the land. All the planting should be done with the idea of making it one beautiful picture instead of having each lot arranged independent of the others. Have masses of shrubbery and open vistas. Avoid the somber effects by having plenty of light and air and not too many weeping and dense growing trees.

Procedure Methods

Having now considered the fundamental principles of the work, we will briefly discuss the methods of procedure. The first thing to do whether it is the home grounds or a city park is to have a careful survey and then make the plan. In the survey not only the measurements of the land and locations of the buildings, trees, etc., is necessary but careful note should be made of the contour of the land, the best views and the unsightly ones. For making the plan the best landscape architect should be secured as it will save money in the end. Of course for those who have the inclination, and the time it is often interesting and instructive to work

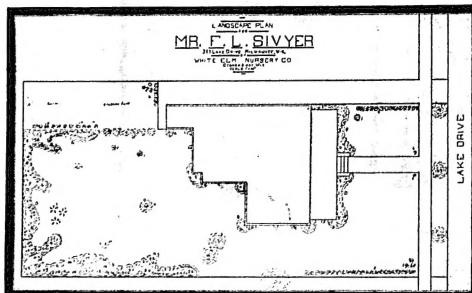


Fig. 2

just what shrub will look the best in each location.

The Natural System in Parks

Next in importance to the home grounds we have the parks, because a great majority of the residents in cities cannot have any grounds or lawn that rightfully deserves the name. This is a question of rapidly increasing importance, and is arousing widespread interest for reasons which will be discussed later. For the city square, by which I mean any

out a plan for the home grounds but much time and study are necessary to do the place justice and even then expensive changes are often necessary as one finds their mistakes through experience.

Suitable Trees

The landscape architect will use largely those plants which have been proven to be perfectly hardy in that section and will use those varieties which are the most permanent because they are much the cheaper and more satisfactory in the end. In trees especially, varieties native to the section are as a rule the most dependable. In choosing what to plant in each location there are many things to consider. First, is the purpose of the planting in that particular place. If for shade we would select one of the larger growing deciduous trees. If for a screen to shut out some undesirable view, probably evergreens or some of the denser growing deciduous trees or shrubs. If for a windbreak, evergreens would probably be preferable. Another important use for trees is to break the sky line. For this different forms are desired from the taller growing Cedars and Poplars to the graceful Willows and Elms.

Purposes for which shrubs can usually be used to the best advantage are: to break the angles as at the corner of a house, to make a framework for the lawn, to border a grove so as to bring the foliage to the ground, as a background for flowers and for foliage effect. This last is accomplished either by different forms of foliage from the large leaves of the Catalpa to the fern-like leaves of the Cut-leaved Sumach; or by different shades of green from the dark green of the Russian Olive, also with the purple and yellow leaved varieties, but these last should be used sparingly. Then we must keep in mind the fall and winter effect. This is an important matter to consider both with the trees and shrubs. In fall there are the beautiful tints of foliage and the berries. In the winter we have the different colored bark, the berries, and the foliage of the evergreens. Fragrance is another important item to be considered. The flowers, shrubs, and some kinds of trees all play an important part in this. Those with fragrant flowers should be placed near the summer house, the porches, and the windows. Imagine yourself as resting out on the porch some quiet summer evening when each wave of air brings the fragrance of the old-fashioned "Mock-Orange," the Honeysuckle or the Rose.

Flower Color Effects

For color and real cheerfulness there is nothing equal to the flowers and of these the hardy perennials are the most satisfactory because easier to care for and more permanent. They can be used in beds by themselves or as borders to the shrub beds. While gorgeous with color they can hardly be overdone. There is enough variety in the hardy border to prevent the monotony of most bedding plants.

Space and ability are lacking to do justice to the charms to be found among the countless varieties of color, form and habit.

At this advanced day it hardly seems necessary to discuss the advantages of landscape work, but in closing we will glance at a few of the ways in which it is a wealth of life. In the first place, surprising as it may seem to some, it is a good investment from a financial point of view.

Landscape Improvement as a Value Enhancer

The residence that has its grounds tastefully arranged will sell for more than one where the grounds are unsightly. Lots on a street or boulevard that is well planned always command a better price. Real estate companies often take advantage of this and spend hundreds of dollars for landscape improvement as a business investment.

The illustration on the first page represents a little park that a local real estate company had planned and which proved to be a profitable investment. Well managed cities are learning to establish parks in localities where the growth is sluggish to stimulate growth, raise the land values, and

in the end repay the city by the increase in taxes due to the enhanced value of the surrounding property.

The Health and Moral Standpoint

From the point of health, it is of still more importance. The open spaces and the foliage purify the air and afford an opportunity for healthful sports. The children instead of playing in the dust and dirt of the congested street can get out on the grass to play among the flowers in the pure air and sunshine and grow strong in mind and body.

The benefits from a moral standpoint are the greatest of all. Crime is partly due to inheritance and partly to environment. Healthful work among pleasant surroundings is the surest preventative. Statistics show that crime increases in cloudy or gloomy weather and also in the filthy and congested parts of cities. Make the surroundings cheerful and attractive with pure air and sunlight, flowers and trees, and it will do more to cure crime than all the prisons and houses of correction. It is not only the children of the slums that need this. We all do. Nature is the great healer as well as the great teacher and we cannot obtain too much of her influence. Let the children of the world grow up among the flowers and birds, with their feet romping over the soft grass instead of the scorching pavement, with the trees waving over them in the pure air and sunshine, and our prisons and courts will give way as the guillotine and rack already have to the spirit of peace and happiness.

CANADA'S INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

The extraordinary attention which Canada is attracting in every section of British life is exemplified in a paper recently read before the Royal Colonial Institute by Mr. Ellis T. Powell, L.L.B., entitled "Industrial Development of Canada." He doubted if the northern half of the globe offers its parallel as a contemporary specimen of political architecture on a gigantic scale, "where the stones are British citizens and the cement is industrial prosperity and steel rails." Looking at the birth of a modern Empire like Canada, he was confronted with the change and significance of the Imperial way, as we understand the phrase in comparison with its original meaning. An absolute essential of industrial development, he insisted, was the existence of an intelligent and adequate population, a subject regarding which Mr. Powell made a striking statement.

A few months ago he instituted exhaustive enquiries from sources in the Dominion itself as to the possibility of the swamping of British sentiment by the tide of immigration from the United States, but "I could find little or no opinion confirmatory of any misgivings. The general view was that the American who crosses the international frontier and settles in the Canadian land very soon becomes almost more Canadian in sentiment than the Canadians themselves." In this connection he mentioned a fact which will interest ethnologists. "No observant traveller in the Dominion," he told his audience, "can have failed to notice the distinct facial type which is being evolved among the native-born Canadians. It has some resemblance to the corresponding American type . . . but the Canadian type itself carries the stamp of a resolute determination, combined with an intellectual alertness, though both these characteristics soften into line into geniality when the more human emotions come into play."

A COMMON PLANE

"Baseball levels all ranks." "You bet." Our boss will take the office boy's verdict any time about a player's ability."

Magistrate—"Here is the man who stole everything from your nursery last night when the baby was asleep? Have you any questions to ask him?"

Smith—"Yes, your honor. Prisoner, what sort of shoes were you wearing, so that you didn't wake the baby?"

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD

(Continued from page four)

At the Woodbine races in Toronto this week, the much talked of pari-mutuel system of betting is being used for the first time, the bookmaker being a thing of the past. The following article in the Canadian Courier by Francis Nelson of the Toronto Globe, who probably knows more about racing than any other man in Canada, is of much interest:

To those, he writes, who would have us believe that material prosperity is the outward and visible manifestation of Divine approval, may be left the explanation of the fact that the sport of racing is the most flourishing and most popular in those countries and communities which are held to be the most progressive. Turkey and China have no organized racing, and there is no part of the civilized world except some portions of the United States, where the speculation attendant on racing is not either legalized or tolerated. Texas and Louisiana and Chicago may be centres where the absence of racing is due to a superior moral public tone, but I make bold to say that it can be assigned to a much less creditable cause. It was established last year that it was not the will of parliament or the great mass of the people that we in Canada should aspire to the standard of affairs in some States to the south of us. There will always be opposition to any form of sport. Some of our fellow-citizens are so constituted as to see idleness, frivolity and wastefulness of time and talents in playing golf; and the unfortunate aspect of their opinions in that they desire to enforce them legally on their neighbors, and send to jail such as disagree with their views. These will find no comfort in the fact that the bookmaker, whose abolition they sought a year ago, is about to become an extinct genus. They tremble for the country under all circumstances.

In the meantime, the betterment of racing conditions is being brought about steadily by the practical efforts of the racing authorities, one radical change for this season being the replacing of the book-maker by the pari-mutuel system at the May meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club at Woodbine Park. The machine itself is not an absolute novelty to old racegoers. One was at the Woodbine about fifteen years ago, and also at Windsor, while several have been in use at the Quebec Turf Club meetings; but its exclusive adoption now marks the final passing of bookmaking. While the other clubs have not yet fallen into line for similar action at the next meeting, the outcome is inevitable. Only the mechanical system will be seen on any of the tracks of the Canadian Racing Associations next year.

The essential principle of the pari-mutuel system is that it eliminates from any interest in the outcome of the event the third party, middleman, broker, or whatever you like to call the bookmaker. Theoretically—and, in the earlier days, practically—his business was that of the broker, through whom the business of racecourse speculation was done on terms that left him a substantial percentage of the money he handled. He collected from the losers sufficient to pay the winners and make a profit for his services. Before his participation the individual had no means of communication with others who held different views as to the probable outcome of a race, and this connection was supplied by the introduction of the bookmaker. It was this condition which, a good many years ago, led to a proceeding which looks strange now, the payment by the Ontario Jockey Club of the late John Forbes, of Woodstock, to make book at Woodbine for the convenience of those who did not fancy the method then prevailing, the auction pools. Times and conditions have changed since that period, and now the bookmaker himself is superseded by a more economical and more desirable system of accommodation to the public. For it is the public that is master in these things. Bookmaking has to go on account of some of its developments and parasitical growths, but apart from those ne-

gative arguments, the pari-mutuel demanded recognition because of merits of its own.

It eliminates the plunger, and the heavy bettor was never in anything but disfavor among the authorities of turf. He will not find it convenient to buy a hundred ten-dollar tickets when he wants to wager a thousand dollars, and besides, every dollar he puts in lessens the ratio of his return in case of success. It stops betting on credit; no ticket is issued unless paid for. It discourages betting among those who want a definite return promised for their money; to go into a pool whose profits are unknown is by no means as alluring as the offer of ten or twenty to one. The camp-follower and the "tout" find their occupation gone under its adoption, and wherever it has been established the system has received the stamp of popular approval.

For the owner and breeder of horses, it has also this record, that nowhere has it failed to bring about an increase in the value of the purses offered by the racing associations. I believe it is not an unreasonable expectation that it will eventually give us at Woodbine a programme of six races daily, with no race of less value than a thousand dollars. It has made meetings prosperous and popular that were on the down grade under the continuance of the old system.

The operation of the system may be most readily understood by an object lesson. Taking the following list of starters in a race, the statement at the closing of the machine might stand:

Horse.	Tickets Sold
Rapid Rhone	168
Jack the Barber	215
Varcoe	285
Thunder	94
Colonist	113
Brown Dick	102
Jack on the Green	60
Vice-Chancellor	52
Bonnie Duke	26
Victorious	17

Total 1,132
In other words, 1,132 investments have been made at \$5 each, making a total pool of \$5,660. From this is deducted a commission of five per cent, which goes to the club for operating and maintenance expenses, leaving \$5,377 to be divided among those holding tickets on the winning horse. Assuming that Varcoe was the winner, each of her 285 ticket-holders would receive \$18.50, or about 21-2 to 1.

This is the process in a "straight" machine in which the play is only for a winner. Other machines doing "place" and "show" business are similarly operated, with the additional subdivisions necessary in view of the fact that first and second horses are in the "place" list, while these share in the show division. The principle is simply that of putting one's choice into a general pool, under the control of the club, which calculates, apportions and pays out the returns as quickly as possible after each race. The commission of five per cent, is only a fraction of what the bookmaker figured on retaining under the old system.

The accommodation provided at Woodbine for investors under the new system consists of 21 machines or registering boards, at which tickets may be bought of the uniform value of \$2, \$5 and \$10. Of course one may buy as many tickets as he desires, but the maximum amount for a single ticket will be \$10. These can be had at separate machines for "straight, place, or show" investments and there will be 23 cashiers' windows for paying out to holders of winning tickets.

A staff of more than sixty clerks will be employed in the work, of which the highest paid will be the calculators. Their part is to make the total and divisions as rapidly as possible, and it goes without saying that they must be accurate, as a slight error in calculation might mean a great aggregate. The cost of operation will not be far from a thousand dollars a day to be met with, though that should be reduced in future seasons, as public and operators become more familiar with the working of the system. The machines themselves represent an investment of about \$350 each, while the building cost something like \$20,000, unpretentious as it looks. Though

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PHONE

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all the counting and announcing for each stand are done by the machine at present, the French method of self-registering numbering pads of tickets may eventually be found adapted to our conditions.

Dorothy (who quotes Shakespeare)—What is your favorite play?

Charles—Well, I believe I like to see a man steal second as well as anything.

With Essex beating Yorkshire and Warwickshire doing the same to Lancashire, the English cricket season gives early promise of being decidedly interesting.

The Strand publishes a most remarkable picture with this explanation:

The accompanying picture is taken from a French translation of the adventures of the famous "Raffles," and depicts that hero taking part in a "Gentlemen and Players" cricket match at Lord's. It will be observed that he has attired himself for the occasion in a fencer's padded jacket, a pair of football "shorts," and leg-guards taken from a suit of armor, but without straps or other fastening visible, and presumably glued to his bare legs. In his hand he grasps a bat, the spine of which descends nearly to the bottom of the blade, leaving us surprised that an artist of such fancy, while he was about it, did not cause it to project an inch or two, like the spike of a bass-viol. Apparently under the impression that this implement is a golf-club, he has "tee'd-up" the ball in a position to drive off. But the master stroke is yet to come. The inscription underneath the picture informs the astonished reader that this is a representation of Raffles "bowling."

THE DOG KNEW WHAT TO DO

A few days ago the fireman on a train which was crossing the trestle between Drakesboro and Elk Valley, saw a dog in front of the train on the trestle. It was too far for the dog to get to the end of the trestle before the train overtook it and there was no way of getting off without leaping to the ground.

Most human beings would have chanced the ground, but on a trestle there is considerable space between the engine and the ties, so crouching down in the middle of the track the dog waited for the train. The train passed over him and then the dog got up and continued on his way to the end of the trestle.

F. ROGERS

PHOTOGRAPHER

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HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from page four)

lard gown with elegant black lace drape on the skirt and the same lovely lace draped in fichu style on the bodice. At the opposite end pouring tea was Mrs. Pardee in a dull blue satin with overdress of dotted blue and white crepe de chine and Irish baby lace yoke and undersleeves. A big black hat with yellow mums completed this charming toilette. Mrs. Gifford cut the ices and looked very dainty in a little blue and white striped challie gown, big black hat profusely trimmed with forget-me-nots and valley lilies. Miss Bourchier, Miss Bleasdel, Miss Elinor Taylor and Miss Bown assisted in looking after the many guests.

Mrs. Clarke Bowker and her little daughter leave at the end of the month to spend the summer at Banff.

Mr. and Mrs. McCulla will oc-

cupy Mr. Bowker's residence during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Hunt will occupy Mr. Jennings' house during the summer.

Mrs. Haight and her niece, Miss Isabel Secord, leave the first of June to spend part of the summer at Athabasca Landing.

A very jolly china shower was given by Miss McLean on Monday evening for Miss Lankin, who is to be married next week to Mr. Colegate of Vancouver. Miss Lankin has been with Short, Cross & Biggar as head stenographer for a number of years.

The races at the Exhibition grounds proved a great attraction Wednesday. Crowds of people were there and I noticed several jolly motor and box parties. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Morris had a merry little motor party, also Dr. and Mrs. Irving, Mr. E. L. Ferris and others. I couldn't tell all the box parties, but Mr. McGeorge's box seemed to be having a very good time. A large number also went to Fort Saskatchewan. Mr. and Mrs. Lorne York and Mr. and Mrs. Holland Ross motored out and took a number of guests with them.

Mrs. Abigail Morkin announces the engagement of her daughter, Kathleen Alovsius, to Mr. Wenzel F. Prausa, of New York. The marriage is to take place on June 28th.

Mrs. Ghiselin of 741 Eighth street, will receive for the last time this season on Tuesday of next week, and her sister Mrs. Habersham of Seattle, will receive with her.

Mrs. Howard Douglas will not receive again this season.

DOES ART PAY?

Albert Chevalier's tour of Western Canada is limited to four weeks. At the end of that period he will be able to deposit in the bank as salary earned, twelve thousand dollars; that it, unless he invests in Canadian real estate, and, as Chevalier in addition to being a great artist, is said to be a shrewd business man, this contingency is not unlikely. In 1909 Chevalier made a twenty-eight

weeks' tour of the United States for which he received \$2,000 per week. This tour gained additional interest from the fact that Harry Lauder was also touring the same territory and the two artists were frequently pitted against each other. In Chicago they played for two weeks at rival theatres and honors were said to be even, each star packing the house to its capacity.

At the close of his tour in "Daddy Dufard" this spring, Chevalier was offered an eight weeks' Vancouver tour at \$2500 weekly, which he accepted. Then Manager Frederic Shipman came along and offered the same amount for a four weeks' trip through Western Canada, but Chevalier had his mind on England and home and wanted to postpone the tour till fall. Then the offer was raised to \$3000 weekly, and although England in May was a potent argument towards refusal, yet the aforesaid business instinct prevailed and Chevalier is coming. His organization will be the highest priced company with the exception of Melba that has ever toured Canada. In addition to Chevalier, there will be three other artists: Edna Blanche Showalter, the leading prima donna with Henry W. Savage next season, Myron W. Whitney, the basso, who has toured with Mme. Nordica for the past two years, and John Holliday, an English pianist. The date for Chevalier's appearance here is June 8—9—10.

PIANO STORE CLOSING

During the months of June, July and August, Harmony Hall, the Geo. H. Suckling Piano Warehouses, Rice Street, will be closed on Saturday afternoons at one o'clock to allow the members of the staff the advantages of the Saturday half holiday.

A QUEEN PROHIBITS KISSING

Queen Victoria Eugenie, who is in residence with the King and the Royal children at Seville, has initiated a campaign against the promiscuous kissing of infants and young children.

She has, on hygienic grounds, forbidden her own three children to be embraced by all and sundry loyalists, and her example is being followed. Elegantly printed labels bearing the words "Ne me bese" (Do not kiss me) are now on sale throughout the country.

WILL BUSINESS METHODS CHECK WAR

According to the current view military power can be used either for crude burglary on a large scale, the acquisition of tangible loot, or more indirectly for the exaction of a large indemnity; for the annexation of territory to the advantage of the annexing country; for the destruction of a rival's trade to the advantage of that of the conquering nation; for the shutting out of a rival's trade from territories brought under the influence of the dominating nation's power. Such is the orthodox political philosophy, and it is all wrong. The factor of co-operation which our credit system every day and every hour intensifying has modified profoundly the weight of the factor of conflict; to such a degree indeed that confiscation has become a practical impossibility. Now credit simply means reliance upon commercial contract, and military confiscation means necessarily the repudiation of such contracts. And as credit is a mutual operation—the co-operation of two or more parties—the failure of one party to perform his section involves the failure of the other party to perform his. Every financier with a reputation to lose knows that it would be a physical impossibility for Germany, say, to escape the reaction of a credit collapse in Great Britain—"Credit versus War" by Norman Angell, in "The London Magazine."

"Now, Willie Jenkins," said the master, "how many seconds make a minute?"

"Male or female?"

"Male or female; what do you mean?"

"There's a big difference; when father says he'll be down in a minute it takes him sixty seconds, but sister's minutes are about six hundred seconds."



Dorothy Dodd Shoes

Plain toe Patent Colt Pumps with walking weight flexible "Wonder Worker" sole. Goodyear Welted. We have these with broad box bow made of either patent leather or ribbon, also with patent leather covered buckles. Very dressy models setting off the foot to the best advantage and are made over our special non slipping last.

\$4.50 and \$5.00

Patent Colt 4-button Oxford with dull kid top, flexible Goodyear Welted sole, perforated vamp and tip, with medium toe, a smart design with plenty of snap.

\$5.00

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Is a complete Farm and House Furnishing Establishment. Almost everything in home wants may be had. Graniteware in every variety of shape and tint. A wonderful No. 9 Cooking Stove with extra stove cast iron parts. Oak Dresser with large size plate glass for \$15.00. A No. 7 sell at \$10.00. Here is a Marvel Heater No. 11 \$6.95. A No. 13 \$7.75. A No. 15 \$9.75. Full size Iron Bed with brass knobs, only \$4.95. A beautiful Art Design Heat Mattress \$4.75. An Upright American Organ, just as good as new, cost \$175.00. A strong full size spring of excellent workmanship, bedded in every part for \$3.95. Oak Dresser with large size plate glass for \$15.00. Wash stand for \$4.95. All Wool 7 lb. Blankets at \$9.95. Flannel Sheets \$1.95. Building Paper, Tar Paper, Toilet Sets, Horse Rugs, from Trunks and Valises in large variety and all sizes. \$1.95

The Exchange buys everything and sells at prices that alone are responsible for the great turnover. Why there are thousands of things at the Exchange that cannot be catalogued. Call and see and if you have anything to sell call up 1332.

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To enable you to select your stock the Greenhouse will be open in THE EVENINGS TILL NINE O'CLOCK. Let us have your order early. Fine Cabbage, Cauliflower and Celery.

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"THE REDEMPTION" Monday Evening & Wednesday Matinee
By Henry Bernstein
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"SISTER BEATRICE" (By Maurice Maeterlinck)

"THE ENIGMA" (By Paul Hervieu)

SEATS ON SALE THURSDAY MORNING

PRICES—Evenings, Reserved \$3, \$2, \$1. Gallery 50c. Matinee—\$2, \$1.50, \$1.

The Saturday News this week appears a day later than usual, the 5th of March coming at such a time in the week as to make publication on the regular day a difficult matter. Papers, however, should reach all city subscribers early on Saturday morning. The management has been using the most efficient means to the character of its delivery system and have reason to believe that it is now in generally satisfactory condition. If, however, the paper does not reach a subscriber the morning of Friday, in the ordinary week, he will confer great favor by communicating immediately with the business office. Telephone 1961.

Cosmopolitan Thievery

A Business That Flourishes on Ocean Liners and in Europe's Hotels

The unpleasant experience which is reported to have befallen Mr. Birrell on his journey to Switzerland is not an uncommon one for American and English travellers on the Continent. Few days pass during the Riviera season, for instance, without the report of some daring train robbery, and in most cases only gems and money are taken. The heavy toll exacted from travellers passes into the pockets of an exceptionally clever and highly organized gang of international thieves. Their operations cover a wide area, and are carried out with scrupulous regard to detail and an ingenuity which has often baffled the police.

Few transatlantic liners, cross-channel boats or trans-European expresses journey without representatives of this gang aboard. They have agents in all the big towns and cities, who warn them of the movements of well-known people who are likely to be worth plundering. The thieves themselves are drawn from all nations, and are generally well-bred men and women, who are invariably well-dressed and put up at the best hotels. Many of them are excellent linguists, and through being able to render friendly services to travellers who do not know their way about are often able to rob their unsuspecting victims with impunity. It is the woman, as a rule, who acts as the decoy.

How full of resource are the women who have taken up this class of crime is well illustrated by the adventure of an Englishman who returned recently from Paris. He carried with him bank notes of the value of three hundred dollars, and, being a man of the world, brusquely repelled the advances of two men who journeyed in the same compartment of the train to Boulogne. Just as he was landing at Folkestone, however, a pretty French girl in front of him tripped and fell. Instinctively he went to her assistance, but while her profuse thanks were ringing in his ears he found that his pockets had been rifled.

Another case of remarkable self-possession and coolness occurred in Paris two years ago, the victim on that occasion being a jeweller. A well-dressed man, carrying a gold-headed walking stick, entered the jeweller's shop and was looking at some scarfpins when two men came in and arrested him, explaining to the jeweller that he was a crook, and that, as police officers, they must take away with them the trays of jewellery from which they said their prisoner had stolen various articles. They entered a taxicab and drove off with a rush. The jeweller never saw the officers or their prisoner again.

A rich German lady a year ago met a countrywoman on her way from Paris to Marienbad. She had pleasant manners, could speak eight languages, and said she was a governess. She was engaged by the lady at once, and soon afterwards decamped with jewellery worth over fifteen thousand dollars. In September of last year an American woman was robbed of jewellery worth eight thousand dollars, and hundreds of pounds of money in a train at Pau by a well-dressed man, who, after introducing himself to her, gave her chloroform.

One of the most notorious cases of jewel robberies occurred in 1898, when the Duchess of Sutherland was deprived of jewels valued at \$125,000 by a man known as Harry the Valet, at the Gare du Nord, Paris. Four years later Lady Carnarvon's jewel case was extracted from her dressing case on the journey from Paris to London, and in 1903, Lady Bowyer's valuables were taken from her railway compartment at the Gare de Lyon, Paris. At Nice in 1908, the wife of an American millionaire, while dozing on a lounge in her dressing room, was robbed of her jewels at a Paris terminus. There is a regular clearing house for stolen jewels

in more than one cosmopolitan city, and very few gems are recovered.

In 1906, the princess of thieves, a handsome Belgian woman, who had lived many years in Chicago, came to London and by the clever substitution of a dummy, while inspecting a pearl and diamond necklace, worth ten thousand dollars, at Christies,

with, without any guarantee for the city's interest beyond vague conditions imposed in the agreement, which Commissioner Bouillon has so ably exposed. Again I ask what price would the city have to pay to redeem their franchise (which is certain to come sooner or later)? What are the names, financial standing and experience of the parties into whose hands it may fall? These are questions to my mind that should be answered before any trust of the people should be given away, for it must be remembered that Edmonton has been kept without gas already two years, because it pledged its franchise.

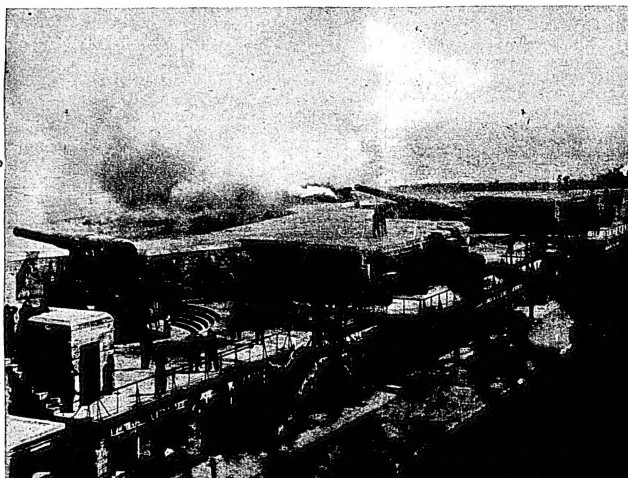
In conclusion I would urge that the city privileges should not be

ORIGIN OF PLAYING CARDS

Although it is commonly reported that playing cards were invented in France in 1392 to divert Charles VI., D'Allemagne, a French writer on the subject, mentions them as being in use in Belgium in 1379, and probably something analogous to them—marked discs or counters—have been employed in the East from remote antiquity. It is now usually thought that it was in Italy playing cards were first made, about 1370, and at Venice. The attempt to connect their invention with astrology arises from the four suits, and 52 cards in all, being associated in ingenious minds with four seasons and the number of

fore the Christian era, and games for gain with some kinds of counters were doubtless found among them.

It is said that once when Reginald de Koven was touring the country he found himself in the town of Dayton one Sunday. They told Mr. de Koven that an Episcopal church in the neighborhood had a superb organ. Accordingly, he went to that church, ascended the organ loft, and sat beside the organist during the morning's service. "You seem to know something about music," said the organist, in a condescending way, "I'll let you dismiss the congregation, if you like." "Why, yes," said Mr. de Koven, "I should like that very much." Accordingly, at the end of the recessional, he exchanged places with the organist and began to play Mendelssohn's Spring Song. He played beautifully. The Dayton people, enthralled by the wonderful music, refused to depart. They sat in rapt enjoyment, and after the 'Spring Song' was finished Mr. de Koven began something of Chopin's. Suddenly a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and he was pushed off the music stool. "You can't dismiss a congregation," said the organist, impatiently, "watch and see how soon I'll get them out."



FIRING A 12-INCH GUN—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSION

This photograph was taken during target practice and at the moment of the firing of one of the 12-inch disappearing guns with which Fort Wadsworth, New York, is armed. The roar and concussion of these pieces of ordnance are alike tremendous. To counteract their effects on the body, the soldiers are instructed to raise themselves on their toes and open their mouths.

managed to secure the valuable. Another woman, arrested in 1909 in Paris, with two Russians and an American, always wore a satin robe with a long, deep pocket when visiting jewellers' shops, to which she always drove in an expensive motor car.

In a gang caught at Paris in 1909, was a woman who used to take the booty to the French capital for disposal. It was stated at the trial that they had got rid of gems worth two hundred thousand dollars. The profitable nature of this traffic is also shown by the boast of a Spanish woman, arrested at Aix-les-Bains, that she had made fifteen thousand dollars a year for five years. Two years ago the Paris police discovered a thieves' academy, where women were taught how to pick pockets and rob—Philadelphia 'Public Ledger.'

THE INVESTOR

(Continued from page nine.)

comes act in the best interests of the city. We are fortunately the owners of all the services and supplies at present, such as electric light and water, why not the gas, when we have the opportunity of accepting the offer made to us by a syndicate of gas experts in the Old Country, whose names and financial standing are beyond question. These gentlemen have as I understand offered to erect the works in accordance with the city's present and future requirements, in exchange for which the city would issue debentures in payment extended over a number of years that suits the city's convenience. Moreover, the city is offered a controlling interest and approval of all that is done, inspection of expenditure and accounts with the option of redeeming the debentures and taking over the entire works as city property at their option. This is the offer made to us on the one hand by the English syndicate.

Now what is asked for by the other parties that the city should give? Its franchise to be taken to the United States, there dealt

lightly given away, or control of its utilities in this or any other direction, for they are a trust reposed in the Mayor and council for a time and to their safe keeping.

OBSERVER.

A COMING GAME OF BILLIARDS

The opening of the Royal George Billiard Room will take place on Saturday, May 27th, at 8 p. m. An exhibition game of 500 points will be played, the contestants being Walter Haywood, of London, England, and Ben Hirst, of Leeds, Yorkshire, England. All lovers of billiards are welcome, as it is expected to be the finest exhibition of the game seen in Edmonton. Don't forget! Saturday, May 27th, at 8 p. m., in the Royal George Hotel, First St., City. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

LATE SOCIAL NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dawson, who were married in Edmonton, have arrived in the city from their honeymoon trip and have taken up housekeeping at 81 Home Street.—Winnipeg Free Press.

The marriage was celebrated in Calgary on the evening of the 24th of May, of Miss Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stringer to Mr. Norman Lougheed, second son of Senator and Mrs. Lougheed. After the departure of the newly-married couple for a trip west, the guests adjourned to the residence of Senator Lougheed, where dancing took place.

Mrs. Murray H. Lister will hold a most nuptial reception at her home, 708 Twenty-second street, on Tuesday, May 30th, and will not receive again until September.

Mrs. W. J. Case left on Friday for Europe.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Franklin.

Dude (as pretty girl descends from street-car): May I—er—help you—aw—to alight?
The 'Pretty Girl': No, thank you; I don't smoke.

HERE WE ARE

We have moved from our store at 18 Jasper Ave. East and our work shop at 24 Jasper Ave. W. and are now over at 224-6-8 McDougall Ave., ready for business.

WHY DID WE COME OVER HERE?

Because it was impossible to find, elsewhere, a place large enough to accommodate our business. With our greatly increased floor space, which means a larger assortment of electric goods, and our added facilities for doing business, we shall be able to please our customers better than ever.

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OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

Walter Heywood

of London, England
and

Ben Hirst

of Leeds, Yorks, England

Will play an exhibition game of

BILLIARDS

at the Royal George Hotel on Saturday May 27th. at 8 p. m.

The game to be 500 points. Admission FREE. This is expected to be the finest exhibition of Billiards seen in Edmonton.

A cordial invitation extended to all.

George Margerison, Prop.

C. A. Lowe

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Fraser Flats, 1 lot with 2 room shack. Price \$900, cash \$300.00, balance 1 and 2 years, at 8 per cent.
Fraser Flats, 6 room house and lot, with good well, lot 50x150 Price \$1350.00, cash \$500.00, balance 1 and 2 years, at 8 per cent.
Corner lot, Fraser Flats, 3 room house, not modern. Price \$1200, cash 1-3, balance 6 and 12 months.
Improved farm for sale, must be sold quick. Owner leaving for Old Country on urgent business: 1-2 Sec., 120 acres in crop, 2 1-2 miles from station. Price \$23.00 per acre, terms at 8 per cent. Buyer gets half of both grain and hay crop.
A good business, Grocery and Butcher store combined. The stores, house and lot for \$3500.00. Terms arranged, Fraser Flats.

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THE CONNELLY-MCKINLEY CO., LTD.

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On one occasion an English gentleman called to see Lord Westmoreland on particular business. He was at breakfast, and, receiving him with his usual urbanity, asked the object of his visit. The gentleman said that he felt somewhat aggrieved, as he had brought an official letter of introduction to him from the foreign office, and, having learned that his lordship had given a great dinner the night before, was surprised and hurt at receiving no invitation. Lord Westmoreland exclaimed, with his usual heartiness: "God bless me, sir, I am really quite distressed. I think I received the letter of which you

speak. I will send for it." Accordingly, the letter was brought to him, and, on reading it, he said to the stranger: "Ah! I thought so. There, sir, is the letter; but there is no mention of dinner in it," on which the gentleman rose and backed out of the room in confusion.

A letter written by the late King Edward was sold in London the other day for £6 15s. It was addressed to his sister, the Princess Royal, in 1851, when he was ten years of age. The letter concludes with the passage, "Give me an account of what butterflies you have caught to-day."

Everything, of course, is arranged so as to make the trial as like the real thing as possible. At the given signal three or four

The Work of Canine Policemen

The recent East End murders emphasize the advantage of the use of dogs in police work, for by them not only might valuable lives have been saved, but the criminals would surely have been tracked. It is curious how slow we are to adopt so simple a system, since Major Richardson has for many years shown its advantages, which have long been used in France. Even the fear of the dogs would act as a deterrent to the cowardly burglar or alien criminal. Well-known as is the intelligence of dogs in the service of man, it has never been more fully exemplified than in the service of the police force.

Smugglers and Watchdogs

For years poor dogs have risked and sacrificed their lives daily and nightly in conveying smuggled goods across the Belgian frontier.

ragged and disreputable figures appear disguised as the Paris Apaches, or, as we should call them, Hooligans. These are policemen effectually disguised in the malodorous garments of recently arrested criminals, and they proceed to hide themselves carefully among the surrounding obstacles. A competing dog is then let loose, accompanied by his trainer, who is probably a Belgian in a sober livery, or else a German in a blue uniform, and the dog, thoroughly enjoying the game of hide and seek, proceeds to sniff out each of the hiders in turn, and holds them tightly, but without hurting them, until help arrives. This, however, is the most simple part, for the well-trained dog must learn to outwit all the criminal's numerous tricks to escape capture. Poisoned meat being the chief danger, the dog is

while at the Rouen trials two dogs surmounted an obstacle of no less than seven feet and a half. More complicated, however, is the training required for the hunting of suspicious characters who are given to hiding near lonely houses or such as seem likely to afford plunder. Police cannot be employed to keep in check or under observation the suspicious characters who in Paris inhabit the disused quays, still less in greater London, where we allow our criminal population to be daily recruited freely from abroad. Here the dog's sensitive nose is most useful, and also after a burglary or murder, when a cap, boot, or other article dropped by the fugitive gives the dog his clue, when down goes his nose, and he works out his line like a hound, in spite of the passing traffic. He will track the criminal to his doss, den, or other refuge, and pluckily keep him at bay until help arrives. In one murder case in Germany a policeman was able to follow such dogs at full speed and arrest the murderer with proofs of the crime still on him.

The Criminal's Fear

A criminal, too, especially in the dark, fears dogs more than men. A most curious display of instinct occurred in Gand, where a dog, for no apparent cause, refused to pass a certain house, and the policeman, looking in, saw a man and woman in the act of rifling drawers. Although of only three months' standing as a police dog, Azor, at a sign, climbed in and captured the lady, while the policeman secured the man, when, without the dog's, either or both must have escaped. Of course, these dogs, like a poacher's hound, work in silence. An interesting and amusing trial is that of the burglar house, where two men represent the house-breakers, entering a canvas house and shutting the door. The dog, on hearing a noise within, climbs a ladder, or, with some other help, gets in at a window and surprises the supposed burglars. The dog is trained to merely hold unresisting persons by the clothes, but will worry any person who tries to resist or escape. In this case there is involved the chief trial of all, for in a real fight the brave dog must support his master against overwhelming odds, in spite of kicks, blows and shots, and man might envy the self-devotion of these humbler, and so-called lower animals. A bull-dog has been known to retain its hold until all its legs, and finally its head, has been cut off. At first in training dogs may be muzzled, but as they have to be rather encouraged to use their teeth the man is afterwards well protected by a special costume, or a lay figure, stuffed with straw and clad in dirty and ragged clothes, is given to them to worry to their heart's content after being muzzled. This amusing scene is the close of the trial, and then the "rets," attend to any wounds received accidentally by the dogs in their sham fight with the men. As with men, the time required to train such a dog varies according to the intelligence of the animal, from a fortnight to three months. Such training can only be effected by kindness and persuasion, for compulsion and cruelty would only cow the animal whose natural pluck it is the chief object to encourage.

The Raw-liver Gift

A pupil must be taken young, preferably from six months to a year old. A Belgian or German sheep dog is preferred. Having most dash and fire, the Belgian is the favorite with the public, but the German dog is the more amenable and obedient, and makes fewer mistakes. No doubt, with equal training, the English and French dogs will be found equally serviceable, and as with the army no police force will be looked upon as fully equipped without a staff of efficient dogs. Nearly all the chief towns in France have already their police dogs, yet we lag far behind, as usual. A suitable dog may be bought, untrained, for three pounds, while a well trained Belgian dog fetches fifteen pounds, and exceptional ones may make up to sixty pounds. Even so, how small is the risk in comparison with human life. On commencing service every police offi-

cial has to be introduced formally to the dogs and gain their good will by an offering of raw liver, and the memory of the dog for so many new acquaintances in after years is as wonderful as that of a club hall-porter or a "bunker" in the University. Major Richardson has shown what such dogs can do, but so far they have invariably been called in too late to track the criminal. — T. P.'s Weekly.

PUBLIC SPIRIT BY DEPUTY

I met him in the morning train, As we to town went speeding; He sat in calm and staidous vein, His daily paper reading. At length therein he something saw That touched him shrewdly on the raw.

"What's this? The lads up for sale?" And as the words he tossed out, He turned with indignation pale. And lunged an angry fist out. That famous phlegm, shall it say, Became the Jerry builder's prey?

"Of Handel Festival the scene! The arena of The Cap, too! Why, what can 'Carnegie' mean?"

"What? Ernest Cassel up to? Will nought those eggard Croesi stir To buy it for the public sir?"

Said I: "Old man, 't quite agree. The public should retain it. Which object—well, I think I see. A simple means to gain it. Suppose, for raking in the grist, We open a subscription list."

"If each would give his two—three—pounds. (At tapping folk 'm clever) The Palace and its spacious grounds."

"Would be preserved for ever. How striketh you my little plan? A ripping notion—eh, old man?"

"Yes; this by far the fairest way To get the needful tin is. You heard the list. Come what 'dye say!"

"Five pounds or make it guineas?" He didn't seem to hear, he said: "I say! About this standard bread—"

"Come, pounds or guineas? Tell me which." "Good-fads," said he, "are silly."

"Fork out," said I, "I know you're rich." He said, "The morning's chilly." Cried I: "Some figure name, at least."

Said he: "I think the wind is east."

Said I: "Dye mean you won't subscribe. So grand an end for gaining To save it from the bulldozer tribe?"

Said he: "By Jove, it's raining!" Said I: "Look here! Do you decline?" He said: "Great Scotland! Half past nine!"

I gave him a reminding shove Just as the train was stopping: "Do say—," said he, "Excuse my glove!"

"So long! I must be hopping!" Said I: "It shows how much you care." He merely cried: "Hi, taxi there!" —London Truth.

THE SECOND MAN

A teacher said to her class, "Who was the first man?" "George Washington," a little boy shouted promptly. "How do you make out that George Washington was the first man?" said the teacher, smiling indulgently.

"Because," said the little boy, "he was first in war; first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

But at this point a larger boy held up his hand. "Well," said the teacher to him, "who do you think was the first man?" "I don't know what his name was," said the larger boy, "but I know it wasn't George Washington, ma'am, because the history book says George Washington married a woman, so of course there must have been a man ahead of him." —New York Press.



A CHINESE SANITARY GUARD

At its own expense the Chinese Government is guarding the Russian frontier to prevent possible plague victims crossing the border and spreading the disease.

tier, but now the French police have discovered the value of dogs both in the prevention of crime and for tracking and catching the criminal by other means than the old one of the man-hunt with bloodhounds. In many respects the "limier" or the police spy dog is of more use to the human policeman. He has the advantage of speed, nose, and a less valuable life to lose. As long ago as the twelfth century huge dogs were employed in watching and protecting the port of Marseilles and that of St. Malo, and in recent times both Belgians and Germans have given much attention to the training of dogs for such purposes and for catching criminals, as exemplified at many competitions held in northern France under the auspices of the Normandy Canine Society. Paris, however, excels in the training of four-footed policemen. Why is it that England is so far behind in this important matter? The dog trial has its humorous as well as its eminently practical side, the ground somewhat resembling a theatrical stage with its high palings, its bundles of hay, its trees and other obstacles, and a little canvas house and barriers with a ladder reaching up to the roof. A deafening barking shows how impatient the dogs are to commence their arduous duties.

trained to refuse all food offered by strange hands. This in itself is a triumph of training over canine nature. One may imagine what quaint and original tricks are played by both men and dogs. Thus at the Rouen trial two famous dogs lost prizes through accepting, although only after much hesitation, a too tempting morsel of boiled beef offered by the sham criminal.

In the Chase

Of course, as in our sheep-dog trials, the angry trainer was not allowed to interfere. Another test is the leaping and climbing of barriers, for the canine thief catcher must surmount all obstacles. Here the dog is most useful, for our heavily clad and clumsily weighted police are severely handicapped against the lightly clad and nimble lawbreaker, while a slight check by a dog would let the pursuer secure his prey. Police Constable K9 has many advantages over A1. He has greater speed, and when sight fails has his nose to fall back upon. The desperado, for purposes of escape or attack, may be lurking in the darkness within a yard of the unconscious policeman, but the dog finds him at once. And the dog, by its self-devotion, may save valuable human lives. The French gendarme is even more encumbered by his sword than our policeman by his truncheon. Few policemen in their usual get-up could fly a four and a half foot paling, which is the minimum required of a police dog in France,

MUSIC AND DRAMA

(Continued from page nine.)

lastic audience had been seen in the theatre. That Mr. Chevalier and the excellent company he has with him will be given the warmest kind of a reception in Edmonton there is no doubt. Seats are bound to be at a premium for every performance.

Collier's published last week a fine dramatic number. One article deals with the always interesting subject of the understudy. After describing how seldom it is that the understudy gets a chance, the writer concludes:

And yet—and yet—and yet! We have all heard how the fake mediums, when they have stripped the last shadow from their own pretensions, exposed their last trick, and laughed at credulity, their final sneer, will pause and say: "And yet—sometimes—you know—after all—there's something—There's something—! all, there's something in it. If only that it has held so many fiery aspirations, been impregnated with the smoke wreathing from so many visions, those dreams of the human heart. One can not but remember that sometimes those dreams come true, those clouds take form; that once at least, in our own country, in our own time, they shaped themselves into the most famous legend of the American stage."

One of the most illustrious companies that our theatre has ever known was about to produce a play upon Parisian life. The actor cast for the chief character-part was a man so eminent and so popular that one of our little mushroom stars could pop up and wither and wilt away beneath the luster of his name. For unimaginable reasons of his own, toward the end of the rehearsals this actor absolutely declined to play his part. He left the management hopeless, in a quandary that almost stopped its breath, on the brink of an abyss across which suddenly was thrown a bridge. For here is where the legend has its own way. It was just the hero of our fancy, a pale young man, sick and poor and desperate, that at the beginning of these rehearsals had waited, unnoticed for two hours, in an anteroom to beg the great manager for a tiny part in the same production, who then stepped forward and asked—I was going to say for the hand of the princess.

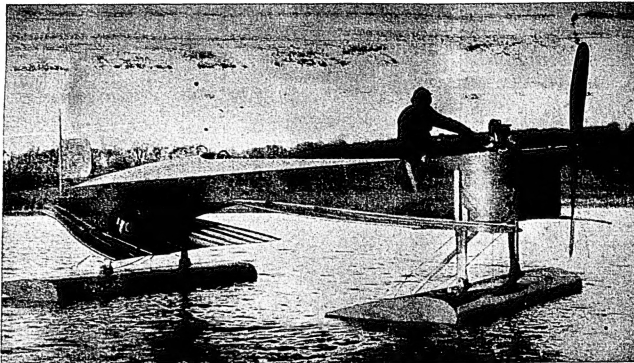
Why they listened to him no man knows. Why they tested him, why they gave him the part grudgingly, despairingly, incredulously, perhaps they themselves never decided. They may have been contented enough afterwards to say that it was fate; since that sick boy, with his sprained ankle and his absence of the forty cents for the table-d'hotel dinner he then ispired to, pulling against his disbelief, weighted down under the responsibility he had dared to demand, dowered that poor play with a life as long as his own, walked into New York and carried it by storm; yes, did gather the world into his arms that night and wake famous in the morning—though long before the morning, in every household of which a member had been to that theater, in every theatrical club, in every place where two actors met, there rang a thrilling knowledge, a sense of a new hand on the door, my friends, and a new step on the floor, my friends, come up to take its own. For the part he played was Baron Chevalier in "A Parisian Romance," and that young man was Richard Mansfield.

In the light of that golden legend, how can one hope to shield from bezelment the eyes of the ambitious? They will continue to take it for the type where it is the single, the incredible, the unparalleled exception. They will continue to feed their youth in the machine, and the machine will continue to grind it out of them without using it, and to engage strangers over their heads. But at least no one will wish them better luck, more chances, more exceptions, than those who have fathomed the emptiness of their hope, who know that the story of Mansfield is really after all the story of some one who wasn't an understudy; that even if he had been, it all was twenty-five years and more ago when every theat-

rical relation was so much more personal, and that now such a nonentity could no more get near a great manager—even to ask for such a part than he could personally extract from the Czar of Russia a recipe for bombs; those who were wise in time, who are out of the fight, who smile to think of their old illusions, of the struggle and the heartbreak, the grind and the futility from which they have escaped, who are safe in some clearer justice and securer profit—

"On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Sound agonized and clear!"

FIRST NIGHTER.



AN IMMENSE MECHANICAL WATERFOWL.
The aero-hydroplane at Coms, France. It both flies and swims with remarkable ease.

TEMPEST ABOUT A FAT PRIMA DONNA

The artistic temperament was responsible for Raimondo Sarnella, impresario of the Municipal Opera Company of Palermo, now playing at the Majestic Theatre, New York, spending several hours in a cell at police headquarters, charged with unlawful entry and grand larceny.

A week ago Monday, 130 members of the opera company arrived in the city, headed by Signor Sarnella. They had played an engagement in Cuba, and had intended to go to Mexico, but their plans had been spoiled by the revolution. The company was nearly stranded when it reached the city, and sought an engagement. They enlisted a number of prominent Italian citizens in their cause, and retained Rabinoff & Atwell of 145 West Forty-Fifth street, as their American managers.

Rabinoff & Atwell decided that Teresa Lina Pacciellafantia, prima donna and prima ballerina of the company, was too obese for American audiences. Teresa weighs 340 pounds. Rabinoff & Atwell decided to replace Teresa with Esther Zanani of the Metropolitan Opera House in the opening performance of "I Saltimbanchi," or "The Performer," Mlle. Zanani is slim and graceful.

Fly in the Ointment

In preparation for the opening night, Rabinoff & Atwell billed the town "as if we had a circus," they said. They had posters all over town and posters in Italian in the Italian quarters of the city, besides taking extra newspaper space. The opening night audience was large and enthusiastic. Signor Sarnella seemed satisfied. In fact, at the end of the second act, when the company got two curtain calls, he came forward from the wings in his street clothes, touched his fingers to his mustached lips and waved kisses. But there was a fly in the ointment. Teresa had not shared in the triumph.

Accompanied by two of his secretaries, Signor Sarnella visited the offices of Rabinoff & Atwell. He burst into the inner office and shouted in Italian:

"Who is the impresario of this company?" Max Rabinoff looked surprised and then remarked as he saw the attitude of his visitors:

"Why, you are! Who said you weren't?"

"Then why do you fellows with

beardless faces change the programme and cut off a great artist?"

Mr. Atwell attempted to explain that Mme. Teresa was too much given to empoint for American taste. At this Signor Sarnella became furious, and shouted, thumping his chest:

"What about Tetrazzini?"

He demanded to see the contract which he had signed. As soon as it was laid before him he started for the door with it.

"No you don't," shouted Atwell. "We have some law here. We have spent \$3,000 on your advertisements and that contract belongs to us!"

MARKS ON THE ALE KEG

Meaning of the XXX—The Old Time Tester.

That strong ale loved by Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots was probably the kind known as 'double dabble.' It came from the monasteries. And beer and Bible found their union in those marks on your beer barrel, the X, the XX, the XXX. For though at present the marks indicate the alcoholic strength, the original of them was the sign of the Cross. The monks swore on the Cross that this was good stuff, fit to drink—and now the maker

tution. His post, though no sinecure, required little brain work, but leather breeches were indispensable.

Here is his programme. He would enter an inn unexpectedly, draw a glass of ale, pour it on a wooden bench and sit down in the little puddle he had made. Here he would sit for thirty minutes by the clock. He would converse, he would smoke, and he would drink with all who asked him to, but he would be very careful not to change his position. At the end of the half hour he would make as if to rise, and this was the test of the ale; for if the ale was impure, if the ale had sugar in it, the tester's leather breeches would stick to the bench.—London Chronicle.

There will be a special service of song at Grace Methodist Church on Sunday evening.

OLD JIM

When Jim our old horse died,
We all felt awful bad;
For Sis she cried and cried,
An' Mother too, an' Dad.
His eyes got kind of dim,
An' when he walked out slow
For one last look at him,
He whispered very low:
"Good-by, old Jim—old Jim!"
—British Columbia Magazine.

Cyrus Curtis, the publisher of the Ladies' Home Journal and the Saturday Evening Post, tells about a beautiful, statuesque blond who had left New York to act as stenographer to a dignified Philadelphia of Quaker descent.

On the morning of her first appearance she went straight to the desk of her employer.

"I presume," she remarked, "that you begin the day over here the same as they do in New York?"

"Oh, yes," replied the employer, without glancing up from a letter he was reading.

"Well, hurry up and kiss me, then," was the startling rejoinder. "I want to get to work."

HUMAN BAROMETRICS

From Punch.

Doctor: "Well! and did you take his temperature?"
Wife: "Oh, yes, sir. I puts the barometer on 'is chest an' it goes up to very dry, so I fetches 'im a quart of beer, an' now e's gone to work!"

It sometimes happens that a spinster isn't satisfied with looking younger than she is; she wants to act younger than she looks.



MOTOR VEHICLES ACT

REGULATIONS GOVERNING PERMITS, RENEWALS AND TRANSFERS

Pursuant to Section 3 of The Motor Vehicle Act, the following regulations have been adopted by the Lieutenant Governor in Council governing the issuing of permits and renewals and transfers thereof:

1. The following fees shall be paid to the Department of the Provincial Secretary for Motor Vehicle permits, renewals and transfers:

For permit on first application	\$3.00
For permit on renewal on first application	2.00
For transfer of permit	50
For permit to remain in force during the calendar year in which it is issued and it shall be renewed immediately after the thirty-first day of December in each year.	
2. On a change of ownership of a registered Motor Vehicle the permit shall go with the Vehicle and notice of such change of ownership shall within twenty-four hours be sent by the person to whom such permit was issued to the Department of the Provincial Secretary together with the full name and address of the purchaser and the purchaser shall forthwith pay the transfer fee.
3. A number corresponding to that of the permit shall be exposed upon the Motor Vehicle and the permit shall be issued.
4. A permit may be issued to a manufacturer or dealer in Motor Vehicles provided, which said permit shall apply to any Motor Vehicle which said manufacturer or dealer may from time to time, during the term of the said permit hold for sale and not for private use or hire.
5. Such permit may be renewed from year to year on the terms set out in Section thereof.
6. For any reason any permit issued as aforesaid shall lapse or not be required, the Provincial Secretary may, at any time, cancel any permit issued as aforesaid.
7. Under Section 16 of The Motor Vehicle Act, any person violating any of the provisions of the Act shall upon summary conviction before a justice of the peace be liable to a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars and in default of payment, one month's imprisonment.

E. THORNBURGH,
Deputy Provincial Secretary.

BARGAINS IN CITY PROPERTY

INGLEWOOD

Lot 14, Block 28, price \$450, half cash, balance 6 and 12.
Lots 1 and 2, Block 23, price \$900, half cash, balance 6 and 12.
Lots 16 and 17, Block 53, price \$1200, half cash, balance 6 and 12.
Lot 10, Block 5, price \$630, half cash, balance 6 and 12.
We have good buys in Blocks 8, 9, 18, 23, 33, 37, 46 and 47.

GROAT ESTATE

One lot in Block 21, \$2,000.
One lot in Block 47, \$1000.
Lots 4 and 5, Block 49, \$2400 for the two.
Also 46, 47 and 48, \$1000 each.

WESTWOOD

Two dandy lots at \$550 each. The best buy today.
2 fine lots in Block 3, \$1400, good terms. This is good buying.

NORWOOD

Good buy in Block 7, Lot 4, \$1900, good terms.
Good lot in Block 12, \$1300, terms.
Lot 10 in Block 52, good house with brick

foundation, four rooms, insured for \$700. This is the best buy in Edmonton for \$1400. We have a number of buys equally as good.

CAPITAL HILL

Something good in Lot 7, Block 4, large lot, 50x150, at the small price of \$950, one-third cash, 6, 12 and 18.
A dandy double corner in Block 7 \$2250, 1-3 cash, 6, 12 and 18.

We have a number of choice residences in all parts of the city to suit purchasers. We defy you to equal our price and terms on residential property.
We have listings in STRATHCONA, also acreage in all parts of ROSSLYN, WALDEMERE, LAUDERDALE, FAIR VIEW, LORNE PARK, etc.

We have some choice subdivisions that we can deliver at prices you can make money on. We have also one of the largest listings of Farm Lands in Alberta at prices from \$5.00 per acre up.
If you have money to invest it will pay you to see us.
If you have property to sell we will thank you for the listing.

GREATER EDMONTON REALTY CO.

Rooms 300-301-302 Moser & Ryder Block, 1st. Street Phone 4939